

# THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

By ROY L. MC CARDELL

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A novelization of the photo play selected as the best in over 10,000 submitted to the scenario department of the Chicago Tribune in a \$10,000 prize contest during December and January. The manuscripts in this competition came from many sections in the United States and Canada. Authors of note as well as thousands of amateurs took part.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Arthur Strikes It Rich.

"YES, dear," Hagar had murmured when Esther had folded her in her arms; "I know who you are, but I just cannot remember now. Maybe tomorrow I will remember. They took my boy away; they put a great jewel on his breast, I remember that, and I remember you came and were my baby in his place. I will remember tomorrow. I am tired now, but kiss me, dear child, for I see by your eyes you love me, and I will remember tomorrow who you are."

"She will not remember you tomorrow," whispered the kindly house surgeon as he led the weeping Esther away. "It may be many months before she remembers you. Her recovery will be slow, but I feel that I can assure you that in the end it will be complete."

So it was with a hopeful heart and feeling resolute for her adventuring in search of Arthur that Esther bid adieu to the kindly head of the sanitarium and rejoined Quabba, who, with his own personal attendant, Clarence, the monkey, waited for her in the shadows up the quiet street, and, trudging side by side, the girl and the hunchback, the latter carrying the sleeping monkey and a small bundle of Esther's hastily packed belongings, took their way from city streets to country lanes, while on them gleamed the light of the myriads of diamonds in the sky.

She was happy. She felt sure that Arthur prospered in far California and was the unknown friend.

Esther had only known that with the clouding of Hagar's mind after her visit to the house of Mrs. Stanley in Fairfax no trace of any wealth or means that Hagar supposedly had been possessed of could be found. Save for a modest sum of money on her person when she returned to Stanley hall, Hagar, it was ascertained, had no further funds that could be found.

In the sudden journey taken to Richmond and in the events that followed after Hagar had been placed in the sanitarium and Blair had returned to persecute Esther, abetted by his mother, Esther had kept no heed of the conditions that so vitally affected Stanley hall. Hagar had leased it, but the property, ruined by Arthur's profligacy, was to be sold in bankruptcy proceedings.

Esther had not been aware that this impended. The morning following her flight, however, Mrs. Stanley received from Fairfax a letter from the referee in bankruptcy informing her, as a party concerned, of the scheduled sale of Stanley hall within a few days.

As a party concerned, Lawyer Smythe, representing the English Stanleys, received a like notice as he was on the point of departing to England, disgusted with America in general and the erratic and, as he thought, criminal "Yankee" Stanleys in particular. But he deemed his duty called him to the sale.

When Mrs. Randolph's maid announced that Esther's room was in disorder, her bed not slept in and that Esther was gone, Mrs. Randolph promptly had an attack of nerves, while Blair raged and fumed, Mrs. Stanley alone remained cool in the face of this surprising news.

"She has no friends and no money," said Mrs. Stanley calmly; "she will not go far. We will find her back here or with her gypsy friends before long."

"The next thing," continued Mrs. Stanley, "is to run down to Fairfax for this sale. I know of no one in Fairfax with the means to purchase the place. If your father only could have lived to see the day he could have bought in Stanley hall, home of his enemy, at a bankrupt sale he would have been a happy man. The place will go for a song, and I shall buy it."

All Fairfax turned out at the auction sale of Stanley hall. The old aristocrats came to sigh over the vanishing glory of the old regime.

But to the poor whites and the careless colored population it was a fete day and a free picnic. Dog fights and the presence of the eccentric English lawyer, Marmaduke Smythe, enlivened the proceedings.

As no purchaser of the whole had come forward, the auctioneer was prepared to sell the historic and proud old place and all the fine, old furnishings it contained, in separate lots. Pictures, ornaments, rugs had been brought out upon the broad piazza to make the auctioneer's work the easier.

Among all these furnishings and chattels nothing so took the eye of the English lawyer as a fine mounted deer head that he was informed had been at Stanley hall for over a century. In fact, none knew how old it was. To the lawyer about to return to insular England from what he and his friends deemed the wilds of America, nothing appealed so much as this. In just he aimed his gun at the trophy as though it had fallen to his prowess as a Nimrod.

He resolved to purchase the deer



In Jest He Aimed His Gun at the Trophy.

head and take it to England as a trophy of good hunting in "the jungles of Virginia." At his request it was put up as first thing to be sold, and he bought it. The jokes and mockery of

the crowd nettled Marmaduke Smythe beyond endurance, and so, taking his purchase, he mounted his horse and awkwardly bore it away.

He had hardly gone when Detective Blake arrived, driven over from the Fairfax depot, followed in another station carriage by Blair Stanley and his mother and the agitated—for every little thing upset her, and she would tell you—Mrs. Randolph.

Blake asked that the house and the furnishings be offered as a whole, and tendered an opening bid of \$2,000. Mrs. Stanley drew her thin lips together, and Blair nervously lashed himself to a suppressed and murderous anger. The Stanleys had not expected competitive bidding. Blake admitted acting for an unnamed client.

Neither Blair nor his mother dared openly affront the interloper, as they deemed him. But they did desperately to the limit of their resources only to see Stanley hall and all its furnishings, save the deer head already purchased by the English lawyer, go for \$20,000 to Thomas Blake, the agent of the unknown highest bidder.

They dared not vent their cold anger upon the smiling and inscrutable Blake, but Mrs. Stanley turned with a torrent of bitter, contemptuous gibes upon poor Mrs. Randolph, who happened to remark that her poor nerves were shattered and that she wanted to faint. In consequence Blair and his mother went to their house in Fairfax and did not return with Mrs. Randolph to Richmond.

Esther reached the gypsy rendezvous worn and exhausted, not knowing of the sale of Stanley hall. The gypsies received her with wild delight, but she only stayed with these sincere though



Vivian Marston Dines With an Elderly Admirer.

bumble friends long enough to make another unavailing search for Hagar's missing hoard.

Meanwhile what of the diamond from the sky?

It gleams upon the breast of a papoose nursed by its stolid mother, in the glare of the California sunshine, outside an adobe hut. Luke Lovell, it is fated, is to see and gain again the diamond from the sky. He has taken up with associates as bad as himself and has become a bootlegger, or illicit whisky peddler. With a companion of his own ilk he passes by the desert Indians' hut and sees the diamond the squaw has found gleaming in the sunshine, a papoose's plaything.

It is only a bit of glass and tinsel in the mind of the sodden, drink craving Indian father. Despite the angry protests of the squaw, the glistening ornament is bartered for the vile whisky of the eager white man.

And so the diamond moves on again. Santa Barbara, on the seacoast, resort for rich tourists, is not far away, and thither Luke Lovell and his cronies bear it, seeking a purchaser able to buy this gem of price.

With Arthur Stanley that was, who is John Powell now, how fares it? How have his fortunes, fortunes to be founded on stolen means, prospered? Not well.

Arthur has fallen into the hands of oil sharks and has invested the outlaw plunder in the Good Hope wells. The Good Hope wells have been a joke of these oil fields. But who is to warn a guileless young investor?

John Powell has played with high stakes in a crooked game and has lost. His men who laughed at him behind his back for his simplicity now feel for him. Jack Wilson, his foreman, seeks his despairing young employer and finds him in the shanty that is the office of the Good Hope wells.

"I am sorry, boss," says Jack, "but I'll tell you something. There is oil in the Good Hope. We've struck every indication. If you only had money to drill deeper the oil is there. That money you sent east would save you!"

"It's too late now, Jack; that money saved something more to me than these wells."

"I'm from Pennsylvania," says Wilson. "I believe if we torpedoed the big well we'd start the oil. I know it ruins a well if the oil doesn't start, and already the shysters are coming to take the property away from you because we didn't strike oil, and the last payment is due. So let's do something desperate, boss; let's torpedo the big well!"

John Powell is desperate, and he agrees. The man of law representing the unpaid owners hears of the plan and arrives with an injunction.

But the desperate John Powell defies law, as when he was known as Arthur Stanley he defied all order. The lawyer is held back waving the "scrap of paper," the injunction. The nitroglycerin charged torpedo is lowered to the bottom of the well, the heavy iron detonator is dropped, and all run for their lives. A throb shakes the earth, and the derrick rocks. Then arises a geyser of mud and a spuming fountain of roaring oil and gas!

The big Good Hope well has "come in" a gusher! John Powell is a millionaire!

No such gusher has ever been known in those fields, as the long dry and long despised Good Hope becomes. No oil millionaire gets rich so quickly as popular young John Powell.

His associate, Jack Wilson, wearing impressively his first dress suit, gives him "the sweetest banquet with cabaret trimmings" that Los Angeles leading restaurant has ever known.

Vivian Marston dines with an elderly admirer at this same restaurant the night of the banquet.

John Powell's associates toast and praise him for the pluck and resolution that snatched victory from defeat, and ever Vivian's dark eyes are on the dashing and handsome feted oil magnate. Her elderly admirer testily endures the pangs of jealousy.

But it is not love or sudden infatuation that draws the dark eyes of Vivian Marston to the young millionaire at the head of the festal board. Where has she seen this lauded young favorite of fortune before?

John Powell's secretary enters deferentially with a telegram. It has come to the offices of the Good Hope Oil company, and the secretary, thinking it important, brings it to the feast. Arthur opens it and reads:

Ether Harding departed parts unknown. Hagar Harding better. Bought in Stanley hall for \$20,000 you sent. Will keep everything quiet. BLAKE.

Esther departed for parts unknown. Arthur crushes the telegram in his nervous grasp. Mechanically he hears the friends that honor John Powell chant jovially, "For he's a jolly, good fellow!" As one dazed he rises and departs with his happy, felicitating as-



The Big Good Hope Well Has "Come In" a Gusher!

sociates and is hardly aware of the dark eyes of a luxurious woman fastened upon him.

Walled by the green high hills and the gray and higher mountains at its back, beautiful Santa Barbara slopes down to the sea.

Fair as the gardens of the Lord seems the scene to the desert burned eyes of Luke Lovell and his fellow bootlegger as they stand upon the hill near the old mission and gaze upon a panorama as of paradise below them. Far off at anchor on the sapphire waters of the bay a great white yacht rides like a swan upon the tide.

"A guy rich enough to own a skiff like that can afford to buy the diamond from us," growls Luke Lovell.

That night they untie a rowboat at the water's edge, and Luke Lovell pulls upon the oars to bear them out to a purchaser for the diamond from the sky.

But the evil men do who fall beneath the great jewel's baleful spell is not yet at an end. Luke's companion rises stealthily behind him and strikes him down.

There is a hoarse cry in the night, a death struggle on the water. The boat goes over, a drowning man gasps in agony, and the diamond from the sky is sinking in the deep, cold waters.

To Be Continued

## Doubly Proven

Logan Readers Can No Longer Doubt the Evidence

This Logan citizen testified long ago.

Told of quick relief—of undoubted benefit.

The facts are now confirmed. Such testimony is complete—the evidence conclusive.

It forms convincing proof of merit. T. B. Davis, prop. of Depot Store, 22 South Sixth West St., Logan, says: "I had pains in my back and extreme lameness across my loins. Sometimes I could hardly get up or down from a chair and it was difficult to get about the store. I was also annoyed by irregular action of my kidneys and felt languid and without energy."

Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Ritter Bros', Drug Store, gave me positive relief, after other medicines had failed. I was surprised at their prompt and lasting effect." (Statement given September 27, 1907.)

OVER FIVE YEARS LATER Mr. Davis said: "I use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally and always get good results."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Davis had. Foster Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. —Adv.

"I BEAR A SINGING HEART"

I spoke to a traveler on the road Who smiled beneath his leaden load, "How play you such a blithesome part?"

"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I questioned one whose path with pain In the grim shadows long had lain, "How face you thus life's thorny smart?"

"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I hailed one whom adversity Could not make bend the hardy knee, "How such brave seemingly? Tell the art!"

"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

Friend blest be thou if thou canst say, Upon the inevitable way, Whereon we fare fans guide or chart, "Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

—Clinton Scollard, Poems, 1914.

HIS REST WAS BROKEN

O. D. Wright, Rosemont, Neb., writes: "I was bothered with pains in the region of my kidneys. My rest was broken by frequent action of my kidneys. I was advised by doctor to try Foley Kidney Pills and one 50 cent bottle made a well man of me." They relieve rheumatism and backache. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Make Declaration of Their Principales

Chicago, Sept. 6.—Although speaker after speaker declared against the shipment from America to European belligerents of war munitions and criticized the attitude of the administration toward the matter, Friends of Peace today made no formal declaration in favor of an embargo.

Instead it adopted a resolution containing the following statement of principles as an expression of purposes of the organization:

"That the majority of Americans are opposed to war except for national defense.

"That the time has come to discard war, the greatest relic of barbarism.

"That war will cease when enlightened men and women bind themselves together to prevent unnecessary armament.

"That there should be freedom of the seas, and that the United States

Sickly children need WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only destroys worms, if there be any, but it acts as a strengthening tonic in the stomach and bowels. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by Ritter Bros. Drug Co.

—Adv.

should contribute to this result by insisting that American commerce in noncontraband goods with belligerents be unmoored.

That the manufacture of death dealing implements should not be for profit, but solely for national defense.

That foreign loans to finance warlike enterprises is subversive of peace and that such actions involve the financial interests of our people with the declining fortunes of belligerent nations.

That in view of all these things the Friends of Peace pledge themselves to work to counteract teachings of false morality regarding warfare, expose hypocritical phrases to encourage the war spirit, and to eliminate from public life every politician and every false teacher playing upon the prejudices of the unthinking while secretly reserving the manufacturers of arms and armament.

## Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## THE M. & L. COAL and WOOD CO.

Quote the following prices for June and July, at their Yard

Aberdeen, Spring Canyon and other Utah Coals

Lump Coal	\$6.00 per ton
Nut Coal	\$5.75 per ton
Rock Springs lump	\$5.75 per ton

We will give a discount of five (5)% for Cash on Delivery, or at yard

Now is the time to put in your winter's supply

Let Us Have Your Order

Call Phone 74

## Oregon Short Line R. R. Time Table

ARRIVE AT LOGAN	FROM
No. 12—8:20 a. m.	Cache Junction and North
" 12—8:30 a. m.	Preston
" 21—11:35 a. m.	Salt Lake City
" 22—2:35 p. m.	Preston
" 43—8:15 p. m.	Salt Lake City

DEPART FROM LOGAN	FOR
No. 12—8:30 a. m.	Salt Lake City
" 36—9:30 a. m.	Cache Junction and North
" 21—11:35 a. m.	Preston
" 22—2:00 p. m.	Cache Junction, North and South
" 44—5:50 p. m.	Salt Lake City
" 11—8:15 p. m.	Preston

## Arrival and Departure of Mails

Following is the new mail schedule at Logan, Utah, postoffice on account of the new time card of the Oregon Short Line, effective, June 15, 1915:

### CLOSING OF MAILS

East, West, North and South	7:50 a. m. 1:30 p. m.
East, West and South	5:00 p. m.
Preston Branch, North	10:55 a. m. 7:45 p. m.
Branch Loop, South, Hyrum, Wellsville, etc.	4:30 p. m.
Providence and Millville, via R. F. D.	9:30 a. m.
Benson and King, (except Sunday)	9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward, (except Sunday)	9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 2, North Logan (except Sunday)	9:30 a. m.

### ARRIVAL OF MAILS

East, West, North and South	8:45 a. m. 11:45 a. m. 6:00 p. m. 8:30 p. m.
Preston Branch	8:45 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
Branch Loop, Wellsville, Hyrum, etc.	11:45 a. m.
Providence and Millville	4:30 p. m.
Benson and King (except Sunday)	4:30 p. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward	4:30 p. m.
R. F. D. 2, Greenville, North Logan	1:00 p. m.
All windows at the postoffice are closed on Sundays the entire day. General delivery, stamp and carrier windows are open on holidays from 9 to 10 o'clock a. m. Only two dispatches are made on Sundays: Main line, all points, 7:50 a. m.; Preston branch, north, 7:45 p. m.	

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH, ODELL, Postmaster.